



The Grail

NOVEMBER, 1932

Rainbow's End

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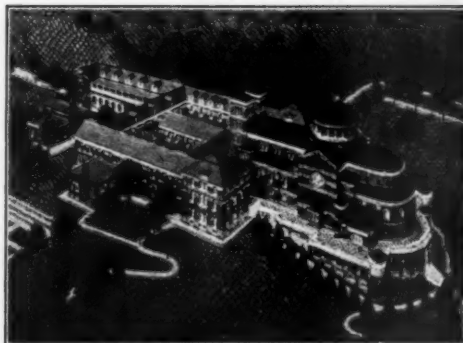
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HISPANIA

Dom Hugh G. Bowenot, O. S. B., B. A.

We had crossed the Straits of Gibraltar
From the Afric land of the Moors;
And stayed two days in Cadiz Bay,
Which a three-mile dyke contours,
Fast linking the isle to the verdant coast of Spain,
While its west-worn rocks brave the billows of the main.

And when our train reached the continent
And thundered over the plain,
All the battles of Cross and Crescent
Were conjured up once again;
How the Cid Campeador braved the Moslem fire and steel,
And great kings fought and freed fair Aragon and Castille.

So now in Cordova's wonderful mosque
No praying Moslem roves;
But a lordly cathedral towers beside
Mid the blossoming orange groves;
And lo! upon the belfry's most melodious height
Archangel Gabriel holds a wondrous beacon light.

The cathedral have Gothic charm
With Ara's splendor blent,
Full rich with the gold of Ind
That Spanish conquerors sent,
To sanctify the spoils they made beyond the ocean's breast,
While their missionaries planted the Cross in the New Land of the West

Sweet was the peal of the bells
Of the churches of Sevilla,
Resounding o'er the rich fields
And vines of Andalusia,
Where the rose-walks blush and blossom right away
The whole year round in ever new-clustering play.

Alas! now toll the muffled bells
Of flame-blackened churches' wall!
Has the Arab blood stirred in Spanish veins
At far Asia's Russian call?
May St. Gabriel dazzle them with beacon blaze again,
And St. Michael wing with heavenly host to liberate fair Spain!



The Abiding Value of the Spirit of Faith

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCHE, S. J.

A LIFE not inspired by the spirit of faith is a life without reason or logic. For man must believe many things in the natural order on the testimony of others. There can be no science, no history, no progress unless men have faith in one another and in certain conclusions reached after honest investigation.

And yet there are those who willingly take almost any opinion upon the statement of fallible men, even of such who have been known to disregard truth and to place reputation above scientific accuracy. Many teachers slavishly accept unfounded and unproven theories on the authority of so-called specialists. And yet when there is question of living a life of faith in the moral, religious and spiritual order these same slaves of the verdict of others balk at accepting truth from infallible wisdom.

It is partly on account of the deplorable condition of those who go blindly through life without religious faith, that some accept such beliefs as theosophy, spiritism, Christian Science, etc. But these modern "make-believes" can never give the firm conviction and certainty possessed by those who hold fast to the full teachings of Christ, the Truth. What strange articles of faith are not proposed to those who have bid adieu to the citadel of Christian faith? Transmigration, or the passing of the soul at death into another body or even into an animal; an aimless wandering

among the stars; dwelling amid "disembodied spirits" whose hours seem to be filled with the merest trifles and puerilities,—these are some of the absurd vistas for those who have made shipwreck of the Christian faith.

In view of these dangers of living a life untouched by the spirit of deep faith those in earnest about their interests eternal will strive honestly to live by and in this spirit. The perils were perhaps just as near and as great in the days of St. Paul. For he says: "My just man liveth by faith" (Rom. 10:38). In the chapter following we have a vivid description of the meaning of faith. "Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not." (11:1.)

Danger Zone

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

When my motor broke its axletree
And was wrecked like a ship on the strand,
Then Death came across the road to me
And gave me a helping hand.

He freed my soul from the terrible plight
My mangled body was in,
And ushered me into a realm of light—
That showed up my every sin!

Then I knew that my soul was afflicted sore,
Scarce less than my corpse on the road,
And I grieved and feared I had nothing more
To outbalance my debts' heavy load.

But hopeful angels fanned the ray
Of love still burning in my breast;
May it some day shine for ever and aye
In the Heavens of the blest!

*Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord;
And let eternal light be his reward!*

Rainbow's End

CLARE HAMPTON

CHAPTER I—THE HOMECOMING

MYRA CURTIS sat before the door of her cottage stringing beans. It was late afternoon of the last week in August, but the sun still slanted his beams across the cornfields with midsummer ardor. It was the last heat wave, Myra hoped, as she brushed back the hair from her forehead and found it moist with perspiration. Close by sat her aged father, lounging in an ancient lawn swing, much the worse for weathering and want of paint. In his hands he held a newspaper, which he read with great interest, one column especially holding his attention.

"I see here, Myra, where the Greentree and Marshall contingents of our boys will arrive to-morrow morning on the 9:47 train. Be ye goin' down to see 'em come in?"

"Why certainly, Father; you're coming with me, aren't you?"

"Ef my rheumatiz don't git any worse, I will." Here Myra's collie, Queen, came and placed her brown muzzle across old Mr. Curtis's knees, and he stopped to stroke her beautiful head. "Nosy old girl," he said affectionately, "want to know what I'm readin' about, eh? Well, mebbe we'll take you along if you're good and watch the house like you should instead of galivantin' down to the Shanes' farm all the time." For Queen used to shuttle daily between the two farms, ever since John Shane, Myra's fiancé, went to the war. She would come to the Shanes' screen door, wait to be petted or receive a bone, then gallop back home satisfied.

The same thought, unuttered, was in the minds of both father and daughter: would they hear anything about John on the morrow? Would he come unannounced, or would some of the returning home-town boys know what had become of him? For John had been reported by the Government as missing, unaccounted for, and upstairs in Myra's pretty, pink and pale-blue bedroom, a satin bridal gown and lace veil lay wrapped in blue tissue

and rose leaves in a cedar hope chest together with all the other dainty trappings of a girl's trousseau. They were to have been married upon John's return home, and when, at first, his letters ceased, she thought nothing of it, but, as time went on, the armistice was signed, and still no word from John, she began to be worried. Then the fatal notice which his parents received from the Government—and Myra wore a path to the chapel in Greentree, praying for his safe return.

Myra was a tall, energetic brunette, with smooth white hands that belied all the heavy work she did about the house, in the truck patch, and at the sewing machine. She was pretty, there was no denying that, with laughing brown eyes, aquiline nose, delicate mouth and dimpled chin—no sort of a face for a girl-of-all-work to have, she would remark when someone would praise her delicate, rose-leaf complexion. They had had a small farm in years past, when her mother still lived, but when the hospital bills piled up, they had sold it off, piece by piece, so that by the time she died, there was less than an acre left.

Here her father had raised vegetables and took them to be sold in town; but when he had aged too much to travel to town each day, Myra went around getting orders for sewing, raised enough truck to eat and preserve for the winter, and generally took matters into her own hands. Of course, her father was still able to handle a hoe and keep the rows weeded, but each day he grew slower, and Myra's eyes dimmed to see his once well-filled-out face, hands and neck, grow flabby and loose-skinned, his hair turn from black to iron-gray, from iron-gray to snow-white. He was so precious to her, this last living relative of the four who had once formed their little family circle. Her brother had died in his teens, and now that John too was missing, she looked with a lonely dread into the future, and clung to her father with ever increasing devotion.

The next morning broke cool and cloudy,

with a smell of rain in the air, and Myra sighed with relief that the sun had decided to stay in. Quickly she did all her morning chores, and then gave a last look at the fresh, clean little kitchen to see that every last thing was in order, before she stepped out to where her father was waiting in the old-fashioned spring buggy.

"All right, Nell, let's go," said Mr. Curtis, slapping the reins. The horse began to move, but just then there was heard vociferous barking down the road, and in a moment more Queen appeared, and pranced around before the horse's hoofs, as if to say "Stop! Stop!" Mr. Curtis did so. "Come on then, you rascal!" he chuckled, as the collie leaped up between them. "You almost got left that time." Once more they started off, meeting various equipages on the road—surreys, farm wagons, and automobiles in various stages of newness and dilapidation.

A great crowd was gathered at the depot. Some had sons to meet, some had lost theirs but came anyhow, being unable to stay away, while others came merely out of curiosity. Fifteen boys were expected, and John Shane would have been the sixteenth. His parents were already there when Myra and her father arrived, hoping against hope, even as she did. The town band was drawn up on the platform, and everybody was impatiently consulting his watch every few minutes, for the train was expected shortly. Myra went over to the Shanes, the collie leaping around between her and her father.

"So she found you, eh?" asked Mrs. Shane. "We wanted her to get into the auto with us, because we knew you would be here, but she would have none of us. Just galloped off home."

"Yes, and not a minute too soon, either," laughed Mr. Curtis.

"Do you suppose it will rain?" continued the former looking up at the lowering clouds. "I didn't want to take an umbrella; it's such a nuisance."

"I wouldn't mind a bit if it rained," replied Myra. "I've been so dried up from the last two weeks' heat that it will take at least another week to cool me off." And so they talked of everything imaginable, except the subject near-

est their hearts, and before they knew it, a spouting of smoke was seen in the distance, and a shout went up.

"Here they come!" The brass band took up there positions, straightened their music and their hats, and stood with their instruments at their lips, ready at their leader's signal, to begin the welcoming march. The crowd pressed forward, and eager, hungry mother- and father-eyes strained toward the advancing speck in the distance that grew momentarily larger and larger, finally thundering to a standstill at their feet. The crowd burst into a cheer as the first boy came down the steps, and the band burst out into its march, "Under the Double Eagle," followed by "America Forever," and meanwhile, boy after boy was being clasped in some happy mother's arms, and then having his hand almost wrung off by friends, relatives, and townspeople. The train began to move off at last, but alas, John Shane was not on it.

Myra, Mr. Curtis, and the Shanes stood looking on, speaking sadly to each other in the midst of so much happiness. They wanted to ask some of the returned boys if they had seen or heard anything of John, but disliked to intrude their sorrow into all that joy.

"I'll go around to each and every one of them this week," comforted Mr. Shane, "after they've had a chance to rest and breathe for a space. Then maybe we'll find out something."

Then they were attracted by a boy frantically rushing around among the crowd, seeking someone.

"Where's my mother? Won't someone tell me where my mother is? She must be here! She wrote me she would be here!" Everyone looked at everyone else, and no one wanted to tell. Then he spied Mrs. Shane. "Mrs. Shane, you tell me where she is. Have you seen her?" Mrs. Shane walked sadly toward him and took his arm, shaking her head slowly.

"Poor Roy! No, she isn't here."

"Not here? Wh—why what? Tell me! Don't keep me in suspense!"

"She had a stroke and we buried her, not a month ago. Didn't you receive the cablegram we sent?" He shook his head, and his lips began to pucker uncontrollably. Then he suddenly fell into Mrs. Shane's arms and burst

into heavy sobs. All eyes filled with sympathetic tears, and the motherly woman patted his shoulder and let him have his cry. At last, she felt that it was enough. "Come, dear," she said, "you must brace up and try to bear your cross. We have lost our John too, and Mrs. Benz, Mrs. Pallen, and old Major Gallway have all lost their boys. It is hard, but we must all try to bear up."

"Yes I know," he replied, becoming calmer. "I was with John in the same outfit and—" They all crowded breathlessly closer.

"Yes? And what happened to him?" they all questioned.

"One night we went over the top—and only half of us came back. John was among the missing. We never heard any more about him."

"He was not found among the dead?"

"No! The dead were all identified; he was not among them." A silence, then, "And my mother—where was she when she died?"

"In the same rooms above Merton's Hardware Store. We all took turns taking care of her. She died praying for you."

"And are the rooms—still the same?"

"No. The furniture was removed and put in storage at the courthouse, because Merton wanted to rent the rooms. You can have the furniture any time you want." Roy made a gesture of despair.

"What do I want with furniture?" he asked hopelessly. "I can't keep house. Would have been better if John had come home and I'd be missing. Somehow, things are always mixed up the wrong way."

"Now, now, Roy, don't talk that way," comforted Mrs. Shane. "You can come home with us and take John's room. We'll be glad to have you; you can imagine how lonesome we've been without John."

"Oh, Mrs. Shane, I'll be glad to. I'll be so happy to have some place to come to, and I'll work for you and try to take John's place. You don't know what it will mean to have a father and mother to come home to." Tears again stood in Mrs. Shane's eyes, as she placed her hand upon his boyish shoulders, and Mr. Shane picked up one of his grips.

"Well, come on, then," he said, trying to be jovial. "We'll make this a real home-coming.

Myra, and you, Bill, (addressing old Mr. Curtis) must come too, and we'll kill some chickens and get some ice and make ice cream, and have a regular spread for dinner. What say, Mother?"

"Good!" cried Mrs. Shane with alacrity, trying to cover the pain in her heart with bustle and cheer. "Come, get into our Elizabeth, Roy, and we'll drive over to the coal yard for ice and have a grand triumphal procession home. Myra and Bill, will you follow us?"

"That we will!" cried old Mr. Curtis, propelling Myra by the arm through the crowd. "We're bound to have a home-comin' even if we have to steal a soldier boy to do it!" And they all laughed loudly and tried to be light-hearted, although each one of them had a leaden weight in his bosom. Roy was deeply grateful to the Shanes for their kindness, and his heart warmed to their deep spirit of love and hospitality.

The rest of the crowd was breaking up now, each group surrounding its own particular idol, although one or two of them was on crutches. But crutches did not prevent hearts from being warm and happy, and home folks are the best cure for any ill in the world.

Our little group obtained their ice, and Mrs. Shane insisted on dropping off at the grocery for some extra delicacies, and then they all started down the road for home.

"I can peel potatoes and make stew and bake biscuits," informed Roy.

"You can!" cried his new folks.

"You bet! I was on Kitchen Police many a time. Yes sir! And when we didn't have soap to wash dishes, we scrubbed out the greasy pots with mud. Bet that's a new one on you!"

"Mud!" exclaimed the two women, incredulous.

"Yes sir! mud! You know mud contains alkali or something and small grains of sand and such, and that kills the grease. Just try it once when you run out of soap." The ladies laughed again heartily.

"Oh my, I'm afraid I wouldn't dare use mud on my brand new aluminum set. Would you, Myra?" asked Mrs. Shane.

"Nor I on my beautiful cream enamel ware. But I suppose the boys had to use a lot of make-

shifts when they ran out of one thing or another."

"Yeah! I thought the guy was kiddin' when he told me to use it," continued Roy merrily. "But you'd be surprised how well it works. When you rinse it off, presto, the pot's as clean as new."

And so, with the give and take of conversation, they came to the Shane's farm gateway and drove up the gravel drive. Queen had already leaped out of the Curtis' vehicle and was joyously prancing and barking around the kitchen door, waiting to be let in.

"Of course, you would have to be first, wouldn't you?" said Mr. Shane affectionately, ruffling the dog's head and ears. "Well, come on then, since you're so impatient." And he unlocked the door and Queen leaped in ahead of him, the rest of the party following.

"Well now, Roy," said Mrs. Shane, "you come on upstairs and I'll show you to your room. There," throwing open the door. "This used to be John's room, but you may as well use it. I'll feel better for having some one here. Its emptiness used to bother me terribly."

"I wouldn't say John is dead, Mrs. Shane," comforted Roy. "He may have been taken prisoner, or any number of other things might have happened to keep him away. You might hear from him yet. Just give him time."

"Oh, God grant what you say is true. You have made me feel better already. Now, here is a closet where you may hang your things, and put the smaller things into these dresser drawers. See, I'll take John's duds out, so you'll have more room. Had I known I was going to come home with a son, I would have had it all ready beforehand."

"Oh, you need not bother; I'll find room anywhere." But he felt mightily comforted to hear Mrs. Shane's pleasant motherly chatter and "small talk" about insignificant details. How pleasant "small talk" is, only those know who in times of stress and anxiety have heard mother and sisters discussing the necessary details of a household—whether there shall be pork chops or steak for dinner, and how many potatoes to peel, and be sure to press Dad's trousers, and don't forget those buttons on his shirt, etc. They serve to balance the sorrow-

riven heart, so sadly out of equilibrium with the world.

"Now, when you've settled your things, you can go over to the bathroom here and wash up, if you like, before dinner. We eat at twelve; you have about an hour and a half. Well, I'll go down now and get the dinner started. I hear Pa outside chasing the chickens; in fifteen minutes he'll have them scalded and plucked and drawn. I hear Myra calling—" And so her pleasant voice trailed down the stairs, and Roy, happy that he had found a haven among real friends, knelt beside the bed and prayed:

"Oh God, You took away one mother and gave me another; I always knew You were good. I want to thank You." Then he arose and began unpacking. Meanwhile Myra was measuring out the flour and lard for the biscuits, Mrs. Shane was mixing the ingredients for the ice cream, and Mr. Curtis was chopping up the ice and getting the freezer ready. Everybody was busy with something, and each smiled into the other's eyes as they met in moving about the kitchen.

And when the bell in the tower of Sacred Heart Church rang the noon hour, they all stopped for a moment to say the Angelus, before the bustle of getting seated at the table began. And the two women brought on the deliciously cooked food, and Roy felt almost happy.

(To be continued)

Ann Rutledge

(Continued from page 301)

only by a low-lying slab, but a few years ago loving gifts of descendants of those who had known Lincoln in the old New Salem days, made possible the removal of her grave to lovely Oakland Cemetery in Petersburg, two miles from New Salem, and over the spot erected a beautiful granite monument with words from Master's famous poem chiseled in the stone:

I am Ann Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved of Abraham Lincoln.
Wedded to him, not through union but through
separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic, from the dust of my
bosom!

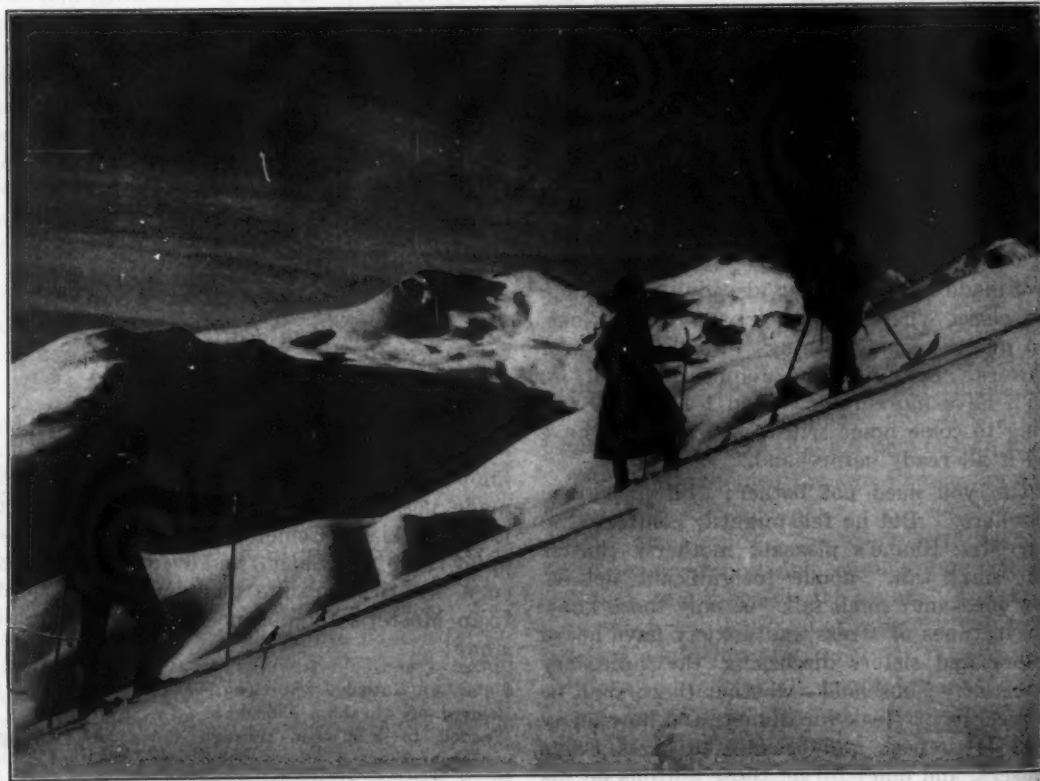
Winter Magic in Switzerland

MARIE WIDMER

IT happened all of a sudden, this miracle of Mother Earth's transformation, this change from the expectant stillness of late autumn days to a fairyland of glorious splendor, with its very silence vibrating with a promise of new life. Snow had fallen throughout the night and still the merrily dancing snowflakes showed no signs of fatigue. Another day and another night, and now at last the skies cleared and the glad news "snowed-in" was passed on, through the air and through telegraph wires, everywhere.

Mountain railways, already busy with their huge electric snow plows, lost no time in preparing their special cars for transporting skis,

toboggans and bobsleighs, and ere long the jolly exodus started from the fog-bound, chilly lowlands to the sun-kissed alpine realms which bask in altitudes ranging from 3000-6000 feet a/s. In the Jura region; in the Vaudois Alps; in the Valais, where Zermatt has lately become a popular winter playground; along the scenic railway which leads from Montreux to the Bernese Oberland; in the Bernese Oberland proper, high up to the lofty realm of the Jungfrauoch; in Central Switzerland, where Engelberg, Andermatt and the Rigi are leaders; and in the eastern part of the country, where the vast highlands of the Grisons form a crowning climax: everywhere, the season of



SKIING IN THE ALPS

white stands not only for sublime scenic beauty, but for an abundance of exhilarating and fascinating snow and ice sports.

Scarcely had we become accustomed to the fantastically changed contours of landscapes and altered silhouettes of dwellings, when we noticed several tiny black specks slipping rapidly down some distant slopes. They were skiers, of course, out on a first adventure, a becoming-acquainted trip in a realm permeated with Christmas tree enchantment, for every tree enchantment, for every tree and bush now stood resplendent with sparkling snow. Icicles of quaint form had rapidly come into being on the edge of roofs, and the mountain brook to whose jolly babbling we had listened but a few days ago, had closed its limpid eyes.

Skiing, according to our observations, is probably the most popular winter sport. As a sport pure and simple it is comparatively new, but as a means of locomotion it has a very long history. In Norse mythology skaoi was a goddess of Ski and the necessity of this accomplishment is duly referred to in Sagas. When first riveted to these slender and long wooden boards, a novice may, as one writer put it, "feel like a cathedral perched on Mount Everest about to descend into a bottomless pit," but things won't go so badly if one remembers that it is better to at first avoid much used, slippery hills, and to keep both legs going in the same direction. An occasional spill can probably not be avoided, but besides a slight blow to one's dignity, it causes no hurts. Capable instructors are available everywhere and a beginner is usually soon able to participate in short excursions.

Unlimited opportunities await the more seasoned skier. Long distance and obstacle races may appeal to him and he may relish Kristianias and Telemarks. Ski-jumping from those elaborately constructed platforms which are a feature in the better resorts may be his ambition, but here he may as well remember that the world record ski-jump achieved by the Norwegian Sigmund Ruud at Davos last season registered 265.76 feet! If he has the makings of a mountaineer he may wish to scale an alpine peak on skis, a feat which has lately become quite the thing for experts.

A new fad, known as "ski-hopping" is also

said to be gaining in popularity. But this supposed bounding from crag to crag and maintaining perfect poise requires quite some skill.

However, we observed many excellent skiers who did not go in for any special displays of their skill. They simply went ski-ing in order to enjoy the entrancing scenery which greets one in solitary side valleys, and up on spacious plateaus. Here little inns or regular ski huts, where hot refreshments are served, are happy meeting places, and the swift homeward descent marks the end of a perfect outing.

In many of the foremost winter-sport centers there are convenient mountain railways which carry devotees of snow sports to some spacious snow plateau or start of a toboggan or bobsleigh run, and the passengers can thus reserve their energy for the exhilarating joy of a rapid descent.

Perfect ice rinks invite everywhere. They are thronged with people of all ages, and their happy laughter spreads like an infection among those who may at first have intended "just to watch." In those realms of azure skies, warm sunshine, and crisp, invigorating air, the desire to do something is rapidly awakened and the enterprising spirit of youth beigns to assert itself. Skating is practiced with great seriousness in these places, and everybody strives to attain a high standard. Of course, conditions are ideal for months without interruption and this feature in itself helps and inspires to reach some degree of perfection. Speed skating, figure skating, waltzing contests, etc., are daily events, and gymkhanas, consisting of comical stunts and obstacle games on skates are ever mirth-provoking pastimes. Night skating festivals are also arranged, when a silvery moon holds court above the brilliantly illuminated rinks. And during the day, as well as on these gala occasions at night, there are orchestras and jazz bands that furnish the music for the crowds of outdoor revelers.

Skating tutors and skating champions abound and as soon as the average guest has acquired or "brushed up" on this most graceful sport his normal desire for further expansion will center upon an adjoining rink especially reserved for hockey players, or upon still another "reservation" belonging to the jolly, broom-yielding tribe of curlers.

These two latter sports, hockey and curling, are at their very best in the Swiss alpine resorts, and same as for skating, there are regular big international contests as soon as the season is in full swing.

We were much impressed with the absolute perfection of the Swiss rinks. The once all-prevalent flooding methods are being discarded in favor of nightly spraying. Rinks are now built up gradually and more and more scientifically. The clearing of snow is another vital problem for the rink managers. It is hard and necessarily slow work, and forms a considerable item in the surprisingly big maintenance expenditure account.

But who could behold such a blanket of snow without wishing to go tobogganing! While children and beginners are able to indulge in their frolics on a course specially set aside for novices, the experienced riders disport themselves on runs of greater length, and more intricate design. A course of classic renown is the Cresta at St. Moritz. It is three quarters of a mile long, has a drop of 514 feet, and affords an average speed of 45 miles and a maximum speed of 80 miles an hour. The slope of the ground changes every few yards. Leaps or sudden depressions which cause the machine to leave the track and skim through the air before touching the ice again are introduced, so that the rider emerges from one thrill into another.

Bobsleighing, the social form of toboggan-

ing, is another much catered-to sport. It was not "in our line," but we were thrilled to catch occasional glimpses of the splendid courses which cater to the bobelets for two and the more formidable vehicles for four or five riders.

Then we were fascinated by "tailing," that care-free, jolly pastime, where a string of toboggans attached to a horse-drawn sleigh, winds its way through winter's fairyland. Silvery bells jingle and happy humans, with cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling, are eagerly anticipating that stop-over for luncheon or afternoon tea, which, no matter how secluded the spot, always turns out to be most delightful.

Guests who must take things easy at all times organize regular caravans of luxuriously equipped horse-drawn sleighs, and in a more sedate, but probably more comfortable manner than the "tailers," they also have their royal feast of scenic beauty, and their fun.

When evening shadows fall over this wintry world, sport activities and sport clothes are promptly replaced by social functions with their corresponding attire. Never is there a lack in entertainment and the long winter nights are for many all too short. Another round of invigorating sport activities will start in the morning. It will be greeted by an army of eager devotees, who, regardless of age, seem immune to fatigue, for they have been drinking deeply from the fountain of youth which flows in the sunlit Swiss highlands through the magic of winter.

Ann Rutledge

MRS. NELSON C. WOODWARD

ON the high bluffs of the Sangamon River, some twenty-odd miles from Springfield, Ill., lies one of the most romantic and interesting villages of our land—a town without a single inhabitant, a store where no goods are sold and a tavern where no meals are served!

This unique village is New Salem, founded in 1829, thrived for a few years, then was completely abandoned, for one by one the people moved to more prosperous parts of the state and the town eventually became a deserted vil-

lage. For more than seventy years it remained so—a lonely, forsaken spot, its buildings falling gradually to ruin and the place finally used as a pasture for cattle.

But now New Salem is back on the map again, for the state of Illinois has re-created it as a memorial park. Many of the old landmarks have been rebuilt, and permanent markers placed to show the site of others. And today, just a century after it was settled, and three-fourths of a century since it was aban-

done, the little vanished town has come into its own again and is the mecca for thousands of pilgrims.

And why was this old town rebuilt? For what purpose were months of labor and the expenditure of thousands of dollars? Because Abraham Lincoln lived in this little river village during the height of its prosperity and it was there, too, that he loved and lost Ann Rutledge, and the sweetest, tenderest, and saddest love story ever told was enacted!

It is just one hundred years since Abraham Lincoln, then a poor, obscure, unknown youth, began his clerkship in the village store of New Salem, and secured board at the Rutledge Inn, owned by James Rutledge, a descendant of the famous Rutledge brothers of South Carolina, both noted figures in Revolutionary days.

For six years the straggling village on the high banks of the Sangamon River made up Abraham Lincoln's world, and Ann Rutledge touched his dull earth and turned it into an Eden. For it was not long after his arrival in New Salem until a beautiful friendship was formed between the tall, ungainly youth, whose life had been so barren of friends, of pleasures, of advantages, and the tavern keeper's daughter—sweet, winsome Ann Rutledge, whose very presence in the old homely Inn made it a paradise for the home-hungry, youth-starved young Lincoln.

As the months slipped by and the youthful store clerk was promoted to postmaster of New Salem, the first public office ever held by him, and he took up the study of law from a set of Blackstone's Commentaries found in an old barrel he had purchased as an accommodation to a passing mover, the village folk looked on with approval as he and Ann Rutledge were often seen together.

They had not been so well pleased with Ann's former lover, the rich young merchant who had passed under a name other than his own, the revelation of which deception had caused Ann many hours of heartache and worry. And when McNeill or McNamar had gone East, promising to write and to return soon, and had done neither, they began to feel contempt and indignation for any man who could cause Ann Rutledge one single moment's sorrow, for Ann was the village idol.

Being an adept with the needle, no quilting bee was considered complete without her presence. She was the first to respond when sorrow or sickness came to the frontier-village homes, and into many such she went as a comforting angel in times of trouble and distress. So when these simple village people noted that Ann was transferring her affections from the wandering merchant to the big, honest, homely youth, whom they all loved, they looked on with pride and approval.

At last Ann reached the conclusion that McNamar was dead or that he was indeed false to her, as the villagers believed, and she was free to become engaged to Lincoln. For a time the happiness of the two seemed assured. They planned their future together. He was to go to Jacksonville to complete his law course so that he would be in better position to care for a wife, and Ann was to further her education by attending a good neighboring school.

But just at the time when the future of the lovers appeared so full of promise, a dreadful fever broke out in the little frontier hamlet, and among the first to be stricken was Ann Rutledge. How the hearts of the villagers grieved when they learned that their best beloved lay dying! Beautiful, gentle Ann Rutledge, who had crooned their babies to sleep, who had watched by their sick and dying, who had spoken words of comfort when their sorrow came!

Toward the last she called for Lincoln, and although the physician had forbidden visitors, the grief-stricken youth was sent for, and they talked alone. What passed between them during this last sacred tryst, no one has ever known, but when the gaunt, stooped figure stumbled blindly from the sick room, his eyes bore that look of hopeless sadness that never in the long years to come quite wholly left them. A few weeks later McNamar returned. Illness had prevented his writing. His part of the story is ended, but the memory of Ann Rutledge stayed with Abraham Lincoln throughout his life, and after he became President of the United States, he was once heard to say: "I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day."

For many years the grave of Ann Rutledge in the old Concord burial ground was marked
(Concluded on page 297)

The Fitzes of Fire Island

F. H. SWEET

WHEN the last scooter came grinding up the shore ice to the beach, it brought four men, one of them unconscious, and all, including the scooterist himself, frozen solidly to the amphibious craft.

The other scooters were all in and drawn up on the beach, and now the surfmen were standing on the edge of the ice waiting for Fitz. It had been a hard but full rescue, and Fitz, as usual, had done desperate deeds. This was his fifth trip, one more than any of the rest, and the three men were the last of the passengers and crew to be saved.

As the surfmen cut the rescued ones loose and carried them to the station, they looked at the white face of their companion with grave eyes. He had gone out on the last trip exhausted from previous work, and though his iron nerve had carried him through incredible endurance and enabled him to bring the scooter back, as his hand swung the tiller for the final jibe which sent the nose of the craft toward the shore ice, his gaze dulled and his face whitened into unconsciousness. But from his unchanged position none of them noticed until they went to cut him loose, when they found his arm frozen to the tiller and his body to the seat.

"We never ought to let him go on that last trip," said Briggs, the keeper, regretfully, as they laid him in his bunk and set about restoration. "He's done more'n three of us, an' was all broke down."

"Oh, nobody's to blame," spoke up one of the surfmen. "You couldn't tell Fitz to lay off when there was work to be done, not if he had to crawl. All we could say wouldn't a hindered. It's the pesky change in the weather that's mostly to blame. When we went out on the first trip, two hours ago, 'twa'n't scarcely freezin', an' there wa'n't water enough for a boat nor solid ice enough for walkin'. Nothin' but scooters would do. An' then in an hour it dropped pretty nigh to zero, an' in another half hour to seven below; an' the wind made it

needles. The vessel was most under when I left 'fore Fitz got there, an' the swift currents in mid-channel where she struck must a sucked her down so he had to dive for the last three men, and then they froze solid to the first thing they struck. The wonder is, weak as Fitz was, how he ever got out of the water with one man. Nobody else could. But Fitz never did give up a thing he set out on. So he got all three into the scooter, sailed her across the open channel to the rotten slush ice that's been broke up by currents, plowed her through that some way to the harder ice toward shore, an' scootered across that to the station, all with his arm froze to the tiller, an' everything give out but his nerve. That's Fitz. An' then when all was safe the nerve itself had to stop, for Fitz had lost his senses. Pity if he's broke up for good, for he's the best man this station ever had."

"Or any other," added the keeper, as he cut the frozen arm from its clothing and plunged it into ice water, at the same time motioning for the men to do the same with the feet. "Fitz has been with me more'n twelve years, longer'n any of you except Sammy there, an' I wouldn't like to say how many lives he's saved an' other things he's done. He's bigger an' stronger, an' is all nerve. Many a time I've been out with him where neither of us expected we'd live to see another boat wreck, an' Fitz was jest as cool an' calm as if settin' here talkin'."

"Partly 'cause he didn't care," observed Sammy. "I've been out with him in tight places too, an' seen him look at death without a squirm, an' fend it off without a sign o' bein' glad. It was all the same to him. The only time he shows real int'rest is when he's savin' somebody else from death, an' when he's talkin' to his boy Fitzzy. I've knowed him jest as long's you have, keeper, an' he's always seemed queer to me. He ain't none of our sort. Anbody can see that. He's educated, an' has been used to such people as none of us ever met. But who is he, an' where'd he come from, an' what's he stayin' here for? All we know is that he's

plain Fitz, an' his boy is Fitzy, an' he don't care the snap of a finger for the worst danger that was ever made. My idee is," impressively, "that something in his life has made him want to do all the reskyin' he can, an' that if 'twa'n't for the reskyin' an' his boy he'd jest as soon be out of a breathin' job as not."

"That's enough, Sammy," admonished keeper Briggs sharply. "Fitz is the most valuable man here, an' the best friend we ever had."

"I know all that, keeper," imperturbably; "an' I'd resk my life for him jest as he's done for me a dozen times. But all the same Fitz ain't here 'cause he couldn't get no better payin' work."

"Mebbe, mebbe. But Fitz ain't a man as counts his pay first. Now hand me some o' that liniment."

Ten minutes later Fitz shuddered with the intense agony of returning circulation through his limbs, and his eyes opened inquiringly. Then, before any one could speak, he remembered, and his gaze grew steady and his body was once more under control. With a powerful effort he raised his shoulders from the bunk, then sank back, his face whitening.

"It is just a temporary weakness," he said faintly. "I got a little tired, and then the cold chilled me. All I need is—a short rest, then I will be able to resume work. Now go and look after the people we brought in. Some of them need attention."

"They're bein' looked after," said the keeper gruffly. "Some of our men are with them. An' anyway, there ain't none of 'em so bad as you, Fitz. They didn't have such work to go through with."

There was moisture in the keeper's eyes, and his voice was gruffer than usual. Sammy and the other surfmen standing beside Fitz's bunk looked at him curiously and with a little wonder. Grim Lem Briggs was not in the habit of showing feeling like that.

Fitz did not seem to notice, but presently his left hand slid with apparent carelessness across to the right side, where it touched and pinched the right arm and hand reflectively.

"What is the weather outside?" he asked, as though that were the one matter in his thoughts.

"Gettin' colder," grumbled Sammy dolorous-

ly. "Ten below zero now an' the water freezin' solid. That'll shet lots o' boats outside, an' inside, too; an' then likely by to-morrer the weather'll jump up fifty degrees an' begin to rain an' rot the ice, an' a tornado will sweep in from the southwest, drivin' the boats every which way, an' by that time the warm air an' rain will combine into a fog thicker'n midnight that'll hide all the rocks so even the best pilots can't see whether he's scared or not. I b'lieve that right here to Fire Island," disgustedly, "is the very wust place in the world for weather. Oh, we're goin' to keep busy this winter, no two ways 'bout that. Boats'll be wreckin' so fast they'll have to pile on top o' each other for want o' room."

"Somebody ought to wreck you, Sammy," snapped the keeper. "If 'twa'n't that we knew you to be a brave man an' ready to your very fingers we'd think you scared. 'Twouldn't do for you to go in a new station where there was green hands, for you'd work 'em up so they wouldn't dare to go out on a mill pond in a rowboat in June. Of course we're goin' to have bad weather an' wrecks now; we always do at this season. It's the month for 'em. But there won't a single extra one come on account o' your extravagant prophesyin', an' this ain't likely to be wuss nor other years. The weather bureau says there's a big gale ragin' off to sea now, an' that it'll be due here in two or three days. But maybe the wind'll shift so it'll go further up or further down."

"It would be hard on shipping wherever it struck the coast," commented Fitz gravely. "Let us rather hope that the storm will rage itself out at sea before reaching land."

"'Twon't do that," declared Sammy gloomily. "It's too big. It's goin' to bring us some more tough work, such as you like, Fitz. This little bad turn o' yourn won't last more'n a day or two, an' you'll be out ag'in before the storm gets here. There's lots o' reskyin' ahead for all of us, but some day you an' me an' the keeper here is goin' out into a big storm that'll swaller us for good."

Fitz made no answer to this. His left hand still rested upon his right arm. There was a thoughtful look in the man's eyes. The keeper's face was almost forbidding in its gruffness, but his lips trembled.

"You think the arm will have to come off, Mr. Briggs?" said Fitz quietly.

"Yes, I've seen limbs less froze than that taken off."

"Then a surgeon would better be sent for at once. The sooner the operation is over the quicker the mending. Even a one-armed man with a body strong as mine can do much work. Perhaps Sammy will go after one in his scooter."

"Sammy'll go, an' I'll go, too," said the keeper shortly. "Steve Finch can look out for the station till I get back. But we're not goin' after a surgeon, Fitz, but to take you straight to a hospital in New York. The station's all right for a common sickness; but maybe I ain't sure 'bout yours, an' there mustn't be any mistake. They'll know everything to a hospital, an' whatever they do we'll know is the best that could be done for the arm an'—an' the rest."

"The rest?"

Keeper Briggs' eyes wavered a little, then they met the surfman's steadily.

"You an' me have been together twelve years, Fitz," he said, "in the wust kind of danger, an' I never seen you flinch. I know you want the whole thing straight, jest as I would, an' as man to man."

"Of course."

"Then both legs must come off, too. They're bad as the arm."

Fitz did not answer for a long time, then his gaze rose steadily to the keeper's.

"If it must be," he said, simply. "But I had hoped to do more, and have the work end in a big storm."

* * * * *

Young Fitz, or Fitzzy, was attending a boys' boarding school on Long Island, where he had been sent by his father four years before. Before that he and his father had lived in a small house near the station, his father working as a fisherman during the summer when the life-saving station was not in commission. Fitzzy had learned many things from his father, in books and out of them, for the two were almost inseparable. At ten Fitzzy had been as large as most boys of fourteen or fifteen, and was familiar with the things that pertained to ordinary fishing and boating, as well as with the skilled and daring work of the surfmen. When

the station was in commission, he had spent much of his time with the men, taking part with them in the drill practice of launching the lifeboat and in the use of the various apparatus, until when a vessel was in distress, he knew almost as well as the men what was required to render the most speedy and efficient assistance. Many times he had joined the night patrol on their lonely vigils along the shore, and more than once had gone out with the surfmen in the lifeboat to help succor some vessel. After commencing school he spent his vacations on Fire Island, and frequently, when the weather was such as to close the great south bay to all other means of transportation, had crossed in the light but strong scooter his father had made for him.

Keeper Briggs and Sammy were gone only eight hours. The weather had again moderated and the wind shifted to a dangerous quarter. All along the coast signal stations were flying warnings, and in the stations themselves instruments were clicking intelligence from outlying points of land and mid-ocean islands. The storm was coming directly toward them, and increasing in violence as it advanced. The keeper and his surfmen made all the speed possible consistent with the welfare and delivering of Fitz to the surgeon's care, then hurried back. Every moment was of value now, and they were needed at the station. There was dire work ahead.

"We ought to have somebody to fill Fitz's place," said the keeper seriously. "Every man will be needed now. I made application for one yesterday, but it's likely to be a week or so before I get an answer; an' there's nobody on the island that's quite suited except what belongs to other stations."

"Mebbe we can get along till somebody's found," suggested Sammy, "though of course nobody'll ever be got to fill Fitz's place."

"Most times we might," returned Briggs. "But if the weather report is right, it'll be pretty risky to go short-handed jest now. We'll need full number, an' all picked men for—"

The door opened and Fitzzy walked in and deliberately hung his tarpaulin and storm coat upon the hook that he had seen his father use.

"I came as soon as I could," he explained calmly. "Father sent me a telegram from New

York, saying he would have to be in the hospital for a while, and for me not to be anxious. I went to the head of the school and told him I was coming."

"But I thought you said when here last week that the school wouldn't let you off any more till vacation," said the keeper.

"I didn't ask him," returned the young fellow. "Father's work comes first, so I just told him and started. And, anyway, the head has no right to refuse me leave. Father told him when I started to school that he must let me off any time I wanted, and especially when there were hard storms, and that I could be trusted not to dishonor my lessons. Father said books were not everything, and that he would rather have me show no fear when there was a duty in the midst of awful danger than to be the best-educated man in the world. He told me, once before I started to school, that if there was the least help I could give, he would rather have me go out to a wreck and be drowned than to stay safe on land."

"Yes, that was Fitz's way," agreed Sammy, with something like enthusiasm coloring his weather-beaten face; "an' it's a way that makes brave, good men. Strong hearts fust, then books; an' best of all, both together. Fitz has 'em that way, an' you an' me an' the rest of us, I think," modestly, "have jest the fust. It's the best, of course, but 'tain't both. Fitzzy must have 'em both, now that his father's—"

"Sammy," admonished keeper Briggs warningly, "s'pose you be lookin' over your storm clothin' an' things an' gettin' 'em ready. I see all the rest have done theirs. When the time o' need comes, things are likely to be in a hurry, an' there mustn't be no hitch. All the apparatus is ready, I know; but it'll be jest as well to have a little extra lookin' over, surf-boat an' lifeboat an' beach apparatus an' guns an' signals, an' all. When they're wanted they must act like they's greased, an' without no careless overlooks. I once knew a surfman who'd overlooked a little bit of rip in his coat. Well, he dove under a wreck after a man, an' that little rip caught on a nail an' like to have drowned him. He's living now, but he don't leave any more things till wreck time that ought to be done 'fore the storm comes up.

Listen to that howlin' outside," breaking off suddenly as a wild blast shook the building. "It's freshening up a lot since we came in. By this time to-morrow the storm'll be tearin' round us, an' then heaven help the boats that are outside with draggin' anchors or poor captains. Didn't you find it pretty rough comin' across Fitzzy?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "the cold didn't last long enough to freeze much ice, and it's soft and rotten under the thin glaze. I broke through a good many times, but father saw to my scooter being a strong one."

"Well, I'm afraid you made a mistake in leavin' school jest now. With this wind the storm may last a week, an' it will break up an' pile the ice so that even a scooter won't be safe to go back with."

"I'm not going back until father gets well, and that will be more than a week," seriously. "Father wouldn't give up and go to a hospital except there was need. I'm afraid he's got a very bad cold, or was struck by something at the wreck. He didn't say, only that it was a hard fight and he got chilled by being in the water."

"I wonder you didn't hurry straight to the hospital to see him, instead of comin' here," said one of the surfmen.

"Father would think that shirking danger," answered the boy, his lips quivering a little. "I started to go soon's I heard; but there were signs of the storm being a bad one, and I remembered that I might not be able to get across here if I went to New York first. I couldn't help father very much, and there might be real need here before the storm ended; and, anyway, father's work was here, waiting, and he would say that came first, with people in danger. He—he," the boy hesitated, his face showing why he had been afraid to ask the question before, "he—won't die, will he?"

"No," replied Keeper Briggs decidedly. "I ain't the least notion your father'll die. He's too strong a man, an' has too much will power to give up. I b'lieve you'll see him ag'in jest as much as I b'lieve this storm will make grim work for all of us. But you can't take your father's place, Fitzzy," more gently. "You're too young. Our work's for tough, seasoned men that hard knocks won't bruise. But long's

you're here, an' can't get back to school till after the storm, you can help round the station, an' in gettin' things down to the beach if there's need. You're strong an' quick an' know how, an' will be a lot o' help in a hurry time."

Fitzy rose to his full height and bared one of his arms. It was brown from exposure to the weather, and as he bent it slowly a great knot of muscles stood out on the hardened flesh. The surfmen nodded approvingly. Plainly the young fellow's physical training had not been neglected.

"I can beat any of the school fellows at rowing, diving, sailing a boat, and climbing a hanging rope," he said modestly; "and last week, when the ice was soft, I ran my scooter twice around my language master, and he thinks he is pretty good on the ice. And you know I have often been out in the surfboat and lifeboat with the men, even in very bad weather."

The keeper laughed, realizing what an effort such a speech cost Fitzy, who disliked boasting.

"Oh, yes, I know you'd make a pretty good surfman—better'n some I've had," he admitted. "But still you're a good deal younger'n what the service calls for, an'—well, bein' your father's as he is, I don't like the idee of you goin'

out in a big storm jest now. I guess we can get along."

"You haven't got any one to fill father's place?"

"Not yet."

"Then a youngster will be better than no one, so long as he can manage his oar and will not flinch," said Fitzy quietly. "I will fill father's place until you get a better surfman, or he comes back. Are the night patrol out?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'd better join them to-night. An extra watchman will not do any harm, and I haven't lost any sleep lately nor been exhausted by overwork like the rest of you. As soon's the bad weather's over so you can spare me, I want to go to the city and see father."

As he opened the door and went out, another savage blast shook the building, and they could hear the rain beginning to beat in from the east.

"I couldn't seem to tell him no right out," said the keeper apologetically. "Fitzy is like his father, bound to have his own way."

"Well, it'll be a good way if work's crowdin' an' a lot o' help needed," declared Sammy. "I ain't feared o' his hand slippin' on an oar or his grit at a tight place."

(Concluded next month)

The Monte Cassino Pilgrimage

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

PICTURE to yourself a perfect day in October. A day in June may be rare; a day in October that is fine is perfect. Glorious sunshine, the kind you can revel in without being oppressed by its heat; the forest still full of its foliage, yet now beginning to display its full richness of autumn color. Come now with me on such a day, as is this Sunday, October 2, to Monte Cassino in Indiana, a widely-loved shrine of Our Lady on a hilltop near St. Meinrad's Abbey.

Monte Cassino is a hill, a real hill. For about a quarter of a mile the road goes up, up till it turns into the stone quarry whence the monks have obtained stone for all their buildings: Abbey, Church, and Seminary. Here

on a vast table of stone we find a great number of cars parked; and from here we see a large crowd of people of all ages ascending a flight of stone steps to the very top of the hill where a small stone chapel stands in a setting of sylvan beauty.

Promptly at 1:55 the little bell of the chapel begins to ring, and all crowd within or about the chapel. From within the chapel a little organ gives forth the strains of a familiar hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and all take up the song. As the sweet echoes of harmony float away into the forest, a monk appears at the door of the chapel where he is to address the throng. To-day it is Father Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B., who speaks briefly of the orig-

inal Monte Cassino, Italy, where St. Benedict lived and laid the foundations of his Order. He speaks, too, of the world-famed Einsiedeln shrine of Mary and its monastery whence came the first Fathers to begin a foundation in the new world—St. Meinrad.

The crowd is grouped informally about him. Let us look at this crowd. People have come from everywhere in the vicinity; all the towns are represented, it seems. Here are old men and women, mothers and fathers with their children, many, many children; infants in arms, great numbers of them. Ah, happy babes! How your heavenly Mother welcomes and blesses you: And, as the great procession forms, another surprise awaits us: young ladies and young men—lots of them. We think of the startling things we hear of our younger generation, and could cry out with gladness to see such piety in our Catholic boys and girls. And Mary loves them best!

The procession forms according to a fixed order: (1) boys, (2) girls, (3) young ladies, (4) young men, (5) clergy, (6) men, (7) women. Two by two they march over a path laid out for this purpose, each with pious mien, devout, reciting aloud the Rosary. About them is nature smiling in the beauty of autumn, a rare view of the country miles about is at their feet, and the sun descends through the foliage in warmth and brightness, a token of the warmth of God's love and Mary's smile upon them.

Returned at length to the chapel, Our Lady's Litany is recited and is followed with the brief pilgrim's prayer. Who knows what numberless and varied petitions go up to Mary's throne with these prayers. In the eyes of each one of that crowd there shines love, confidence, earnestness.

The priest then invokes God's blessing upon the throng, and with the concluding hymn the devotion ends. Solemn, impressive, lovely,—and it has lasted only thirty-five minutes.

Now some depart, some enter the chapel for private devotion, friends meet friends from out of town, and there is kindly, Christian sociability over all.

A new thing, yet old—

Yes, these pilgrimages are something new. Only last spring, on the Sundays of the month

of May, were the first ones held. That they were popular is attested by the fact that from a few hundred the first Sunday the crowd increased on the third Sunday to about 1500 pilgrims. Now during Mary's other month, October, the interest and piety of our pilgrims bids fair to outdo even this number.

Yet devotion to Our Lady of Monte Cassino is not new. For nearly eighty years Monte Cassino has been a Christian Mecca to devout children of our heavenly Mother. A more lengthy history of the shrine is given in the pamphlet distributed to the pilgrims or mailed to anyone requesting it.

In 1857 students of St. Meinrad set up on the hill a picture of the Blessed Virgin, covering it with a rude shelter of boards. This acted as a wayside shrine till 1866, when Father Isidore Hobi, with the help of the students, built a more substantial shelter, a frame building 12 x 14 feet. Little more than a hut, yet the memory of this first shrine is dear because of the great and devout souls whose love found expression within its walls.

With the discovery of excellent sandstone in the hill in 1857, Father, later Abbot, Martin Marty, who became a great Indian missionary to the Sioux and died in 1896 as Bishop of St. Cloud, determined to erect a permanent building in honor of Our Lady. Work was begun, and on September 2, 1868, Bishop De St. Palais of Vincennes laid the corner stone. Completed in 1870, the chapel was dedicated on May 1 amid much solemnity.

The shrine became popular immediately. It was not, however, until the winter of 1871 that the intercession of Our Lady of Monte Cassino was put to caustic proof. On December 1 the small pox, in those days a dread pestilence, made its appearance at St. Meinrad. Many died in the village and several students were attacked by the disease. The worst was to be feared. It was then that all turned to Mary for help. On January 5, 1872, all the students who were able went on pilgrimage to Monte Cassino, where a solemn votive Mass was offered. Again on January 13, at the close of the novena, the pilgrimage was repeated. Immediately the disease abated, all recovered, and no new case of smallpox appeared.

In pious memory of this evident protection,

the annual pilgrimage of the student body on January 13 has become an institution. Each year, no matter what the weather may be, all go to Monte Cassino to offer this solemn Mass in honor of Our Lady of Monte Cassino.

So, too, throughout the year, seminarians and pious lay folk visit this shrine to offer honor and prayer to Mary. And it is out of this piety and devotion that these popular pilgrimages, such as we have witnessed to-day, have their origin.

Notes of Interest

Benedictine

—St. Benedict's College for women, at St. Joseph, Minnesota, numbers among its pupils Miss Deborah Kilmer, daughter of the poet Joyce Kilmer, a convert to the Faith who fell in the World War. Miss Joyce's brother Kenton is pursuing higher studies at the Catholic University.

—Another convert, Vernon Cunningham, sculptor by profession, has gone to St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, with the intention of becoming a member of that community.

—The Rt. Rev. Dom Asgar Hoeckelmann, O. S. B., formerly Abbot of Erdington in England, but since 1922 Abbot of Weingarten in Wuerttemberg, to which place he was transferred with his community after the World War because of unfounded suspicions that arose against them in the land of their adoption, passed the golden jubilee of his religious profession at Beuron on October 1. Abbot Ansgar was born on Dec. 17, 1862. At the age of twenty he was professed at Prague in Bohemia for the Archabbey of Beuron. On Aug. 10, 1886, he was raised to the priesthood. On July 16, 1899, the Holy See named him Abbot of Erdington. The abbatial blessing was conferred on Sept. 3 of the same year. Since October, 1929, Abbot Ansgar has a Coadjutor in the person of the Rt. Rev. Dom Michael Witowski, O. S. B.

—An enlightening article "About Korean Seminarians," by the Rev. Anselm Romer, O. S. B., Rector of St. Willibrord Seminary, Tokwon, Korea, appeared in the October number of *Catholic Missions*, which is the official organ in the United States of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. The writer describes these boys as being much like those of other lands: full of life, mischievous; but he asserts that they are not hypocrites nor untruthful and deceitful. They are energetic and pious and make good priests.

—The *Little Flower Messenger*, which is published by the Benedictine Missionary Fathers at Newton, N. J., is a monthly that is well gotten up and well printed.—During the past summer a college was erected at Newton for the future Benedictine missionaries from the United States to foreign lands. The first term of school was scheduled to open in October. The of-

ficial dedication ceremonies of the Benedictine Mission College, as it will be known, will not take place until next spring.

—The Rt. Rev. Norbert Weber, O. S. B., first Archabbot of St. Odile, who laid down the reigns of government in 1930, after holding office for twenty-eight years, is now devoting his declining years to the missions in South Africa. Besides his spiritual labors among the blacks at Litembo, Archabbot Norbert occupies his time making statues and pictures for the mission chapels. The Benedictine missions in South Africa are in a flourishing condition and are developing rapidly. A like report comes from the Benedictine missions in Korea. The Rt. Rev. Chrysostom Schmid, O. S. B., Archabbot Coadjutor of St. Odile, paid a visit to the United States in the autumn of 1931.

—In the October number of THE GRAIL we chronicled the change of Priors at St. John's Abbey in Minnesota. It is now reported that the former Prior, the Very Rev. Basil Stegmann, O. S. B., is to leave for China to be superior at the priory connected with the Catholic University of Peking. The Rev. Valentine J. Koehler, O. S. B., of St. Vincent's Archabbey, will accompany him to labor at the new foundation.

—Dom Benedict Steuart, O. S. B., Prior of Prinknash Abbey (formerly known as Caldey Abbey), passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination on Oct. 6.

—On Sept. 25 occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the departure of a small group of Benedictines from the mother house at Engelberg, Switzerland, for the Pacific coast in Oregon. Under the leadership of Prior Adelhelm Odermatt, O. S. B., who died as Titular Abbot on Nov. 6, 1920, the party reached New York on Oct. 12, 1882. Having tarried on their journey westward a day at Conception, Mo., where the venerable Abbey of Engelberg had established a community in 1873, the party reached San Francisco on Oct. 26. Going thence by water, they reached Portland, Oregon, two days later. After a delay of two more days, they finally reached their destination. Two weeks later, on the feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order, Nov. 13, this new community began the public recitation of the Divine Office in choir, a service that has gone on uninterruptedly down to the present day. This was the beginning of St. Benedict's Abbey near Mount Angel, Oregon, which has gone through severe trials in the half century of its existence.

—According to newspaper reports the French Fathers of the Sacred Heart have been given charge of the seminary of the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem. Heretofore the seminary was under the care of the German Benedictines of Dormition Abbey on Mount Zion.

—The Benedictine Sisters of Fort Smith, Arkansas, have taken charge of the new St. Raphael's Orphanage for colored children six miles from Pine Bluff. The ceremony of dedication was performed by Bishop Morris of Little Rock on Oct. 30. The building is of brick, one story high, with its own electric plant and modern water system. There is a large farm in connection with the orphanage.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTES: (1) The questioner from Evansville, Ind., should kindly take her case either to her pastor or confessor where it will be easily solved. Insufficient details were given for the proper solution of the matter in the KWEERY KORNER. (Thanks for the enclosure.)

(2) The question proposed by the party from Chicago, Ill., concerning the marriage duties is also one that will have to be taken to the confessor. Such questions are not answered in KWEERY KORNER.

Is there any difference between a cross and a crucifix?—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Yes, there certainly is. A cross becomes a crucifix when it bears an image of Our Lord's Sacred Body.

Will you please state if the name Ovide is that of a Saint, apart from the popular reference to the poet of that name?—Somerville, Mass.

Your editor has not been able to establish whether the name Ovide is that of a Saint or not. The fact that the Abbe you mentioned in your question bore the name would lend weight to the fact that either in its given form, or by way of variant, there may be a Saint of that name. Should we at any time be able to establish the quality of the name, the matter will be given in a future issue of the KWEERY KORNER.

Would you kindly recommend a good story book for altar boys?—St. Louis, Mo.

The editor of this column takes great pleasure in very highly recommending "The Altar Boys of Saint John's" by Father Martin Scott, S. J.

Could you advise if the books called "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" are listed as forbidden books? Cardinal Gibbons is given as a reference.—Chicago, Ill.

The work you mention is not on the Index of forbidden books.

What do the five grains of incense represent which are put into the Easter Candle?—Kansas City, Mo.

The five grains of incense, which are placed in the Easter candle, symbolize the five wounds of Our Savior. The Easter candle itself typifies the Risen Savior, Who is the light of the world.

Is Eleanor the name of a man or woman Saint? Can you give me some information about that Saint?—Chicago, Ill.

The name Eleanor is a variant of Helen. The feast of Saint Helen is celebrated on August 18th and the Catholic Encyclopedia or Butler's Lives of the Saints will give you the required information.

Is the story "Catherine de Gardeville" fit reading for a Catholic girl?—Indianapolis, Ind.

Indeed it is. It comes very highly praised by the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee.

Does Winnie come from the name of a Saint?—Chicago, Ill.

Yes, it is the English contracted and diminutive form of the name Einifreda, and this, in turn, is a variant form of the name Winifred, the name of the Virgin of Holywell, whose feast is remembered on November 3rd.

What is the difference between a sacrament and a sacramental?—Geneva, Nebr.

A sacrament is an outward sign, conferring inward grace and instituted by Christ. A sacramental is an outward sign blessed by the Church and disposing the soul to receive or increasing grace in the soul.

I was baptized Ellyn and always thought my name came from Helen. But a priest told me lately that Saint Helen was not my real Patron Saint. Is that correct?—Rochester, N. Y.

Yes, it is correct. Ellyn is a variant form of Almedha. But you are fortunate in having a very beautiful Patroness. Saint Almedha was a martyred virgin of Brecknock and her feast is celebrated on August 1st.

How did the custom of using the catafalque arise in the Church?—Brooklyn, N. Y.

The catafalque is the coffin-shaped frame, covered with a black pall, which is used at a requiem High Mass. During the time of the crusades, when a Christian knight died in the eastern lands, a service was held in his memory at his home. On these occasions, as a substitute for his coffin, the present form of catafalque was used, upon which were generally placed a sword and a shield. From this practise arose the present custom of using the catafalque.

I would like to have my little girl take the name Desiree for Confirmation, if it is the name of a Saint? Can you tell me if it would be proper?—St. Paul, Minn.

Desiree is the French feminine form of the name Desiderius. You will find in the Lives of the Saints many who bore the name of Desiderius.

I often see in our churches the figure of a large bird surrounded by smaller birds in a nest. The large bird is feeding the small ones with its own blood. What does that mean?—Caldwell, N. J.

The bird you see is the pelican and, according to a legend, it feeds its young with its own blood. So, the pelican is considered an emblem of Our Savior, Who by shedding His blood for us, became our redemption. You are correct when you say that it is frequently found in various Catholic churches.

Were the four American Cardinals all born in the United States?—Toledo, Ohio.

Yes. Cardinal O'Connell was born in Lowell, Mass., Cardinal Dougherty in Girardville, Pa., Cardinals Mundelein and Hayes in New York City. (Your editor has seen the birthplace of all four.)

Who was the first one to receive the Laetare Medal which is given each year?—Cleveland, Ohio.

John Gilmary Shea, the eminent historian, first received the Laetare Medal in the year 1883.

In a novel I read a short time ago the expression "Auto da fe" and cannot find the meaning of it anywhere. I think it had something to do with religion and would appreciate some enlightenment on the subject.—Toronto, Canada.

The "Auto da fe" you speak of was the public ceremony in which those convicted of heresy by the Inquisition were given their final sentence.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight *via* Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight *via* Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight *via* Ravinia, S. D.

NOVEMBER AT THE MISSIONS

November, sings the poet, is full of "melancholy days, the saddest of the year"; some may agree with him, some not, but no one who loves Nature can deny that it is a very sweet melancholy, and that there is a certain charm about the flying leaves, the hazy afternoons, when the sun shines weakly through bare branches, no longer having the power to cause discomfort, and the busy birds, chattering and packing their valises for the long trip South. Even as Nature is preparing for winter, so are we, getting in our coal and wood, and some of us are getting out the storm doors and double windows, and putting in new weather-stripping—those of us who live in the more severe climates.

But November brings a thrill of joy with it; the smell of burning leaves and dried grass fires remind us of the holidays to come, first of all, Thanksgiving—for those of us who have our larders well-filled. Many there are, this year, who will have to depend upon charity for their Thanksgiving dinner. What a good and Christlike deed it would be for those of us who will have the traditional turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the other "trimmin's," to ask some poor neighbor, his wife and family over for dinner on that day. Many there are about us, who have been unemployed for long months, to whom such an invitation would indeed be a boon and a happy memory, and—"to give is more blessed than to receive."

So also our Indian children at the missions will be looking forward to a happy Thanksgiving. With a touching confidence, they feel sure that the good Fathers and Sisters will not disappoint them on this great day. And, indeed, the missionaries will exert themselves to the utmost to provide the goodies the children expect. Perhaps some of our readers who have been blessed during this depression, might like to thank our Lord for His kindness in sparing them, by sending something out to the missions in time for Thanksgiving. Some good benefactor sends a barrel of spaghetti or macaroni now and then. What a boon this is, only the missionaries know. Flour, sugar, canned goods, cereals, fruit, and candy will all be welcome. What a picnic some of our U. S. millionaires could have, were they to turn their minds for a little while from money-getting, and send a barrel or case of

some foodstuff or other every month or two out to some mission! Perhaps they have never tried this form of enjoyment and do not know what they are missing.

PRAYERS FOR POOR SOULS

Don't forget that the Indian children will be making visits and gaining indulgences for the poor souls in November. Their prayers are powerful, so remember to send in a list of departed relatives and friends to be included in their prayers. Also vigil lights will be burned for all those who request them, so, send in your donations, and write how many lights you will want for your dear ones. Mass stipends will also be welcomed. The Indian children pray for the poor souls. They are very devoted, and their prayers are precious in the sight of God.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO SENT IN PACKAGES

N. Cronin, Chicago; Mrs. J. C. Vielbig, Brooklyn; M. Fleckenstein, Jersey City; E. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mary Tumminello, New Orleans; K. Hermes, Columbus, O.; Miss Anna Marchewitz, Dearborn, Mich.; Miss Mary Pfeiffer, Buffalo; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis; C. T. Murray, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Mrs. J. P. Scholtus, Mankato, Minn.

A Red-Cross Calendar of Good Works

A. R. C.

Stark statistics give no adequate concept of the amount of human devotion and day by day effort represented in any work of charity. Thus the figures revealed in the year's report of the American Red Cross convey but vaguely the picture of the vastness and the far-reaching influence of the projects carried on under the aegis of the "Greatest Mother."

During the past 12 months the American Red Cross, as our authorized national disaster relief agency, has directed the relief operations in 60 disasters affecting 31 States. These have ranged from aid given to storm-swept fishermen off the coast to North Carolina to snow-bound Indians in New Mexico; to the rehabilitation of communities devastated by tornadoes and floods in the South to the succor of farmers in the Dakotas and Montana suffering from the joint plagues of drought and insect pests. In garden seed alone the Red Cross has distributed sufficient seed to plant 100,000 acres in a score of different types of vegetables; as distributor of 40,000,000 bushels of the Federal Farm Board wheat, and the disburser of 500,000 bales of Government-owned cotton for relief of the needy, the "Greatest Mother" has come into contact with no less than twelve million of our people. Last winter she dealt with approximately 1,700,000 cases of unemployment and handled the cases of some

(Concluded on page 313)



AGNES BROWN HERING

WE THANK THEE

M. E. SANGSTER

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land from the East to the West,
For the dear starry flag with its red, white and blue;
We thank Thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be
We Christians would offer our praises to Thee,
For God is our Father, and bends from above,
To keep the round world in the smile of His love.

DOMENICO SAVIO

From the Italian by FR. PATRICK, O. S. B.

(Concluded)

IT was a great joy for Domenico to receive Holy Communion daily. "If I have sorrow in my heart," he said, "I go to my confessor, who advises me concerning the will of God. If I wish something great, I go to receive the holy Host in which is found the Body which has been given for us, the same body, blood, soul and divinity which Christ offered to His Eternal Father for us on the cross. What is lacking to make me happy? Nothing in this world. All that is lacking is to be able to enjoy Him unveiled in heaven whom now I adore with eyes of faith on the altar." Such were the thoughts which filled the mind of Domenico, keeping him happy and good. His companions were asked if during three years they had noticed any fault to correct or any virtue to suggest to Domenico, but they all asserted that they saw nothing in him to correct and knew of no virtue which he did not have. His appearance when he received Holy Communion was pious and edifying. He prepared sufficiently, but his thanksgiving was almost without end. Often he would forget all about breakfast unless someone called him, so great was his joy in remaining with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

One day as the Blessed Sacrament was being carried to the sick, Domenico knelt down as it passed, despite the fact that he had to kneel in mud. Later he said: "I would not only kneel in mud, I would even throw myself in a furnace, because in this way I would partake of that fire of charity which moved Our Savior to institute this great Sacrament. On a similar occasion he saw a soldier standing as the Blessed Sacrament was carried by. Not daring to say anything, he offered

his handkerchief for the soldier to kneel on. The confused soldier then knelt, but not on the handkerchief.

Domenico wished to do more penance than the state of his health would allow. He wished, for example, to eat nothing on Saturday except bread and water in honor of the Blessed Virgin. His superiors would not permit him to do this, neither would they permit him to fast during Lent, as he wished, because they feared for his health. Domenico then looked for other ways to mortify himself. He put little pieces of wood and other things in his bed to cause him pain. He was never heard to complain of the heat, cold, or other such inconveniences. He was also accustomed to mortify his eyes as well as his other senses. One time he came upon his companions as they were looking at a sinful picture. He took the picture and tore it to pieces. Then he said to them: "Poor man, God has given us eyes to contemplate the beauty of the things He has created and we use them for such things invented by the wickedness of man for the ruin of our souls."

Among the companions of Domenico some of them were especially dear to him. One of these, Giovanni Massaglia, was a faithful companion of Domenico and he imitated all his virtues. They both were now about fourteen years old. Giovanni had to spend some time at home because of his poor health. In their exchange of letters, Domenico wrote that he felt that the time was coming for him to finish his studies and to leave this life. The sickness did not spare little Giovanni. After having received all the consolations of his holy religion with great piety he died a peaceful death. Domenico was greatly touched by the death of his friend. He did not cease to intercede for him. He could not hear a Mass or attend any devotional exercise without having before his mind his little friend.

Now Domenico began to speak often of his approaching death. Once he said: "It is necessary for me to run, otherwise the night will surprise me on the way." The boys were accustomed to pray for a good death and they usually added an *Our Father* and a *Hail Mary* for the one among them who would be the first to die. One day Domenico said jokingly, "In place of saying: 'for the one who will be the first to die,' say rather: an '*Our Father* and a *Hail Mary* for Domenico Savio who will be the first of us to die.'" This he said more than once.

The health of Domenico became now very questionable. His superiors decided that he should have to be sent home. It was difficult for him to give up his practices of piety and his studies. When asked why he was

not glad to go home, he answered that he wished to finish his days at the Oratory. Then he was told that after he became better he could return.

"Oh no!" he answered, "I will not return any more." Before leaving, he asked many questions of his superior. "What is the best thing that a sick person can do to acquire merit before God?"

"Let him offer often to God all that he suffers."

"What else can he do?"

"Offer his life to God."

"Can I be certain that my sins are forgiven?"

"I assure you in the name of God that your sins are forgiven."

"Can I be certain to be saved?"

"Yes, by means of the divine mercy, which is not lacking to you, you are certain to be saved."

"If the devil comes to tempt me, what shall I answer him?"

"Tell him that you have sold your soul to Jesus Christ, and that He has bought it with the price of His blood. If the devil makes any other difficulty, ask him what he has done for your soul. On the other hand, Christ has given all His blood to free you from hell and to conduct you with Him to paradise."

"From paradise can I see my companions of the Oratory and my parents?"

"Yes, and also other things a thousand times more beautiful." Domenico seemed as one who already had one foot at the door of paradise.

Before leaving, Domenico asked his superior for some remembrance. Being asked if he wished a book, he answered: "No, something more precious."

"Do you wish money for the voyage?"

"Money for the voyage to eternity," he replied. His wish was that his name be placed on a list so that he might partake of a plenary indulgence granted by the Holy Father. Then, after a sad parting from all his companions, he left the Oratory.

At home the doctor judged that he was worse than was thought. An operation was necessary. The doctor told him to be patient and courageous.

"What is a little cut compared with the wounds in the hands and feet of our innocent Savior?" he asked. After the operation, he was thought to be on the road to recovery. He himself, however, did not think so. He asked for the Last Sacraments. After having received the Holy Viaticum, he said: "Yes, yes, O Jesus, O Mary, you will be always my friends. I repeat and I say a thousand times: 'Death! but not sin!'" After having made his thanksgiving, he said, "Now I am satisfied. It is true that I must make a long journey into eternity, but with Jesus in company with me I have nothing to fear. Oh say always, say to all: he who has Jesus for his friend and companion fears no evil, not even death." Domenico had always practiced exemplary patience but now he was a model of sanctity. He wished to trouble his parents as little as possible. He took all the medicines, even the most unpleasant without a murmur.

After four days the doctor joyfully announced to the parents that the sickness was conquered. Domenico

smiled and said, "The world is conquered, I must only make a good appearance before God's judgment." He then asked to receive the Last Sacraments and his parents called the priest, although Domenico did not seem in the least in danger of death. Before receiving Extreme Unction he said the following prayer: "Oh, Lord, forgive me my sins, I love thee, I wish to love Thee forever. May this Sacrament, which You permit in Your infinite mercy that I receive, cleanse my soul of all the sins of hearing, of sight, of words, or of actions. May my body and soul be sanctified by the merits of Thy Passion. Amen." He answered the prayers of the priest as though he were in perfect health. This was on the 9th of March, the fourth day of his sickness and the last of his life.

After having received the holy Sacrament he said the following prayer: "Lord, I give Thee my liberty, take all my faculties and my body, I give all to Thee, that all may be Thine, O God, and I abandon myself to Thy will."

On the evening of this same day the priest visited him again. The serene countenance of Domenico was by no means that of one at the point of death. As the priest was leaving again, Domenico asked that he leave some remembrance. The priest answered: "I do not know what to say to you except to remind you of the Passion of Our Savior."

"Thank God," replied Domenico. "May the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ be always in my mind, in my mouth, in my heart. Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, assist me in this last agony! Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, I breathe forth my soul in peace with you!" After this, Domenico slept for a half hour. Upon awaking, he called his father, and said: "Dear Father, it is time! Take my prayer book and read to me the prayers for a good death. His father, overcome with sorrow, did as well as he could what was asked of him. Domenico repeated clearly and distinctly every word, but after each part of the prayers he repeated alone, "Merciful Jesus, have pity on me." After the words, "When finally my soul appears before Thee and sees for the first time the immortal splendor of Thy majesty, do not cast me out of Thy sight but deign to receive me in Thy mercy, that I may sing eternally Thy praises," he added: "Oh, dear papa, to sing eternally the praises of Our Lord." Then he seemed to take a little sleep, but soon he cried in a clear voice, and smiling at the same time, "Addio! dear papa! Addio! the priest wanted to tell me something else and I can not remember.... Oh! what a beautiful thing I see! never...." So saying and smiling, with his hands joined before his breast in the form of a cross, he gave up his soul to God. As he had lived, so also did he die, united by love with God.

Great was the sorrow among all of Domenico's acquaintances at the news of his death. They had loved him dearly as a companion, his superiors had loved him as a disciple. The common judgment concerning him was: "He was a saint, and he is already in paradise." Many of his companions wished to pray to him instead of praying for him. A great number have

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called upon Domenico for help, in time of need, and their prayers to him have been heard. In the book which has been written of his life many such favors are related.

Ninety years ago on April 2, 1842, was born Domenico Savio, the saintly boy whose life sketch you have just read. At the tender age of fourteen years, eleven months, and seven days he joyfully gave back to God the pure soul that God had given him. The beautiful example of the simple, cheerful, holy life that Domenico lived is eminently worthy of imitation. How many of our readers will try to follow in his footsteps? We hope that many will do their best to lead good lives, pure, obedient, free from grievous sin, prayerful, with frequent reception of the holy sacraments. That's what makes saints.

A Red-Cross Calendar of Good Works

(Continued from page 310)

400,000 veterans, assisting thousands in the procuring of supporting evidence in order that they might receive the compensation to which their disabilities entitled them. To minimize the inevitable menace of unemployment's attendant evils, malnutrition and disease, an army of 750 public health nurses under the Red Cross have given nursing and maternity care to those who otherwise would have lacked it.

Such is the Red Cross calendar of good works. At the Annual Roll Call Armistice Day to Thanksgiving—opportunity is given to every man, woman and child to participate vicariously in these deeds of Good Samaritanism by pledging their membership dues. Out of the funds thus derived the "Greatest Mother" finances her mighty works.

Abbey and Seminary

—As announced last month, school opened "with a bang" and a large number of students in attendance. Since then everything has been moving along smoothly and peacefully. The latter part of October was warmer and more pleasant than the early part of the month. Light frosts occurred towards the end of the month. The forests presented a magnificent spectacle in their coats of many colors.

—The Forty-Hour Devotion, which opened with Solemn High Mass on Friday, Oct. 7, closed with the Mass of Reposition the following Sunday forenoon. With us it is really a forty-hour devotion, adoration day and night for forty-eight hours, and not a triduum in honor of the Blessed Sacrament as is the general practice. Benediction is given only once—at the concluding ceremonies on the third day.

—The pilgrimages to Our Lady's shrine on Monte Cassino were well attended on the Sunday afternoons in October, especially on the two last Sundays when large crowds were present. A descriptive leaflet with an historical sketch of the chapel will be mailed free to all who ask for it.

—Band day on Oct. 16 drew many people to St. Meinrad. A band concert as well as a concert of sacred music by the St. Gregory Chancel Choir were among the features offered the visitors. Father John, director of the band, expresses himself as well pleased with the results.

—Father Luke Gruwe, whose eighty-third year is drawing to a close, sang with youthful voice a Solemn High Mass on the occasion of his patron feast, St. Luke's day, Oct. 18.

—Father Joseph Jacobs, '07, pastor at Bonner Springs, Kansas, a native of our neighboring county of Perry, stopped with us a few hours towards the end of October. Father Jacobs celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination in April of this year. He came east to attend at Loretto, Ky., the fiftieth anniversary of the religious profession of his sister, Sr. Meinrad, who has spent more than half a century with the Sisters of Loretto.

—The changes made in the old buildings by remodeling have proved quite practical. As time goes on still further improvements are to be made. A recreation room for the brothers is in progress to replace the one that became part of the remodeled dining room for the Abbey. The room that in former years served as second sacristy, but in more recent times was used as a place in which to prepare vegetables for the kitchen, is undergoing a thorough renovation. An outside door has been cut through the wall to the north, and another through the wall to the south to open into the court on that side. This will give them both ample room and pleasant quarters. The former dining room has become a recreation hall for the clerics of the Abbey.

—Another of our distinguished alumni, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis H. Gavisk, V. G., widely known and revered by Catholic and non-Catholic alike, has passed to his reward. After completing his school years at Evansville, where he was born April 6, 1856, Mgr. Gavisk took up newspaper work in the capacity of reporter. At the time he exchanged the quill for the cassock of a seminarian in 1878, he was city editor of the Evansville Courier. His ordination to the priesthood having taken place on May 30, 1885, Father Gavisk was made assistant at St. John's Church, Indianapolis. Later, becoming pastor of this church, he spent the forty-seven years he was Chancellor of the diocese, and Vicar General since 1918, in which year the Holy See bestowed upon him the rank of Prothonotary Apostolic. Preeminently priest and pastor, yet prominent by reason of his participation in national, state, and civic activities, especially where charity was concerned, Monsignor Gavisk came in contact with many men who esteemed him highly. For twenty-five years he was a member of the State Board of Charities and served two terms as president of the Board.—Five bishops, nine monsignors, many priests and numerous religious, besides a vast concourse of the laity of every walk in life attended the funeral of the greatly loved pastor, counsellor, friend. Fathers Abbot and Andrew represented the Abbey at the obsequies. R. I. P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

EDITOR'S NOTE:—For some years past a serial story has headed this department. In the future the story will not be a feature of MAID AND MOTHER, but will appear in the body of the magazine. The story is not to be discontinued but will be found in another part of THE GRAIL.

Oven Cooking

Now that summer's heat has disappeared and a fire feels good in the house, we do not mind going back to all of our pet recipes, no matter how complicated, because we do not mind the extra heat in the kitchen. In fact, with autumn winds busy cleaning the leaves off the trees and getting everything spick-and-span for old Jack Frost's arrival, it feels rather cozy to be in a dainty kitchen "cookin' good stuff," as one little girl expressed it.

Nothing is so comforting to the workers of the family, after the long chill ride on the cars, homeward bound, as finding a delicious, baked dinner ready and waiting on a dainty table. A whole-baked dinner, besides being economical in the use of gas or electricity, is a boon to the busy housewife in another way. Instead of standing and cooking several different foods over the burners, needing constant watching, everything is prepared, seasoned, and placed in small bake pans, casseroles, or glass oven dishes, which must, of course, be covered, in order to keep the moisture in. There is an advantage, too, in using casseroles and glass ovenware, because the food may be served in them, and save extra dishwashing. All sorts of small individual pudding cups, pie plates and other bowls may be obtained in pottery or glass, and this saves individual serving dishes, as these others may be sent straight from oven to table.

Those who have oven regulators usually have a set of recipes to go by, presented by the manufacturers of the regulator, but those who have none on their stoves can learn to gauge the time and intensity of heat by a little practise. Have the oven hot before putting anything in. If the housewife expects to be absent from two to three hours, she should first turn the oven flame up, to bring everything to a boil, then make it as small as possible. Or the dishes may be brought to a boil on the burners and then placed in the oven with the smallest possible flame. If the housewife is to be absent three to four hours, put the food in cold, turn up the flame for fifteen minutes, then turn down as small as

possible. But be sure that everything is tightly covered.

New Furniture from Old

Louise was showing her friend through the attic, which had heretofore been unfinished; her husband was making a room of the front half for Elaine, their sixteen-year-old daughter. The rear half was cluttered with a trunk, suitcase, and various pieces of discarded furniture.

"Oh, this will be lovely!" cried Annette, Louise's friend, surveying the neat beaver-board slabs paneled in dark oak strips.

"Yes, but I don't know what to do about furniture," complained Louise. "What with paying off the house, we haven't any margin left for extras." Annette thought awhile.

"Couldn't you paint over some of your old pieces?"

"Yes, but I need them downstairs in Belle and Arlene's room; but it grew too crowded, and that's why Elaine wants her own place upstairs."

"What would you need?"

"Oh, a bed, a dressing table, a chair or two, and maybe a desk."

"I have it!" cried Annette, walking to the back of the attic. "Why not use that old couch? Put a pretty new ticking on the mattress and make a smart, new cover of cretonne or terry cloth for the top; have three pillows covered in the same and stand them up in a row at the back. There is that old victrola; that could be a dressing table. It has a record compartment on each side; that could hold a lot of Elaine's little things. Make a cover for it of the same material as the couch cover—an oblong covering for the top, and a long ruffle all around, reaching to the floor. What is that, a mirror in the corner there? Just the thing! Stand it up at the back of the dressing table, and have Elaine group her perfume and cream and powder jars in front of it. What will the walls be? Pink? Then you can get flowered cretonne with a pink background, or plain pink-striped material of some kind—they are using stripes a lot, you know, on these studio couches. Now for chairs; there is one with a broken back. Have Harry saw off all the sticks, then make a square covering for the top, and attach a ruffle reaching to the floor, just like the dressing table—of the same material, of course. You might pad the seat first with cotton, and you will have to tack the cloth on at the corners, so it will stay put.

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"There is an old upholstered chair. You can make a dandy slip-cover for that of the material you are to use, with a ruffle all around the bottom." By this time, Louise's eyes were glowing with eagerness.

"Yes, yes, go on," she prompted. "And what would you do for a carpet?"

"Well, I see that old rug rolled up in the corner. That will be your only real expense—might cost about \$12 to have it re-made into a pretty new rug, with perhaps a few old woolen coats or trousers thrown in to add to the yarn. One company advertising in the magazine does this very cheaply. Or you might like a pink congoleum rug, or, better still, an inlaid linoleum of big, square, black-and-white tile, or black-and-green marble. That ought to make a stunning room!"

A School Party

A unique way to entertain is to give a school party. Everyone comes dressed as a school child, the boys in knickers, blouse waists and flowing ties, with small boyish hats perched on their heads; the girls may have aprons and sunbonnets. Or the hostess may provide an assortment of comical hats for the boys, and make crepe paper tams, sailor hats and sunbonnets for the girls. Have a slate and slate pencil for each person; if these cannot be purchased, use paper and lead pencil, but of course, slates would be more realistic.

Begin school by ringing a hand bell or a table bell. Make everyone rise and someone plays the song "Good morning, dear teacher," and all sing it in imitation of child voices and intonations. Then "Good morning, merry sunshine" may be sung, or any other kindergarten song that is known by all. Much hilarity will result from this youthful effort. One or two toy blackboards may be provided, and pupils may be sent up to write spelling words or do sums; of course, the more these are misspelt and figured wrong, the greater will the hilarity be. Rules may be made, and penalties imposed or forfeits required of those who break them.

Very long unusual words may be looked up beforehand in the unabridged dictionary, and given out as a spelling lesson; there may be a prize for the one who rates 100%, or two or three prizes, according to per cents. Also a booby prize for the one with the most mistakes. A reading lesson may be typewritten, each word backwards and each person required to read a part of it. A comical story would be good for this; or, about fifty cards might be written out, each with a word or several words upon it, for instance: A dog, a grasshopper, a cup of tea, a piece of rope, a grain of salt, etc., and blanks left in the story, to be filled in by players, who have each received an equal number of these cards beforehand. The fun will be side-splitting. Fancy tin lunch boxes may be given out, filled with the refreshments for the evening, and these should be tied with ribbon to which a card is attached. On the boys' cards, print the names of states, and on the girls', capitals of these states. The boy must then hunt for his partner according to state capitals, and eat his lunch with the girl.

After this, the hostess may require each one to do a

"stunt," whistle or sing or recite a piece. Pink lemonade may be served with the luncheon in paper cups, and after the games, dancing will complete the fun.

Spinning and Weaving

Along about this time, in generations back, our foremothers were busy spinning thread and weaving cloth, so as to have plenty of material for the winter wherewith to make the clothing needed by all the family. Even the *very first* Lady of the Land, Martha Washington, did not disdain to spin and weave and knit with her own hands, with her slaves all about her, all busy with some form of garment-making, and the great George Washington himself often wore coats and trousers, (or knee breeches as they were called at that time) made of homespun cloth, woven in his own home.

It would be interesting indeed to be able to look back to the time when fig leaves and skins of animals were discarded, for some form of woven material. But alas, there were no memorial tablets erected in those days, commemorating the creators of the first crude inventions, which lifted man out of barbarianism, and so we have no way of telling just when and how weaving did come into existence. We know that in ancient Greece woolen garments and hats, were used, and these were of the material called "felt" which was probably the first method of using wool they knew, since it was simply the matting together of the fleece of sheep after wetting. Wool-bearing sheep were not always the animals they are now; they were evolved from rough-haired animals whose fur was nothing like that of our present sheep. But gradually they were developed until an animal with fine, long hair was produced.

It is thought that cotton was first grown in Asia; in India, where it grew naturally, the people learned to weave beautiful white cloth of it, with which they loved to swath themselves from head to foot—and still do. Flax was known thousands of years ago to the Egyptians, who learned to weave gauze of it, with which their mummies were wrapped, and also a more closely woven cloth. China and Japan jealously guarded the secrets of silk weaving and silkworm breeding until the year 552, when missionaries managed to bring some eggs to Constantinople.

The arts of spinning and weaving, of course, had a very crude beginning. Spinning meant the throwing together of several fibres, long and short, in such a way that, by twisting, and constantly adding more fibres, a long thread was obtained. At first, this spinning was done with a crude instrument called a distaff, which we often see in pictures of Our Lady in her home. It is a stick on which a bundle of fibres is placed, and twirled with one hand, while the other hand twists the fibres into threads.

An improvement on this primitive method was the spinning wheel, such as the Colonial dames used. In those days, there were no factories for such work; all fibres had to be combed, spun into thread and woven into cloth at home. The spinning wheel, being worked with a foot pedal, left both hands free to twist the thread, consequently three or four times as much fibre

could be spun in the same time that it took the old distaff to do it.

The art of weaving threads together to form cloth seems to have been first suggested by the interweaving of pliant stems and branches to make the walls of primitive houses; also the making of baskets. Some primitive peoples first wove grasses together to make garments for themselves, and this led to the use of softer fibres to form cloth.

Gregorian Music

Gregorian plain-song, an achievement of the first rank not only in music but in general culture, is—to borrow from the words of a music critic—the great contribution of the first ten centuries of Christendom. This Church Music thereafter grew with some variation in detail but without fundamental change. The establishment and systematic spread of this sacred art was a far-reaching achievement of the Church in behalf of music.

Of the origin of this music, we know nothing definite. It may have been derived from the Hebrew worship or traced back to Greek or other influences. The Christian communities that spread from Asia Minor, through Greece into Italy, employed a form of singing in which a new cult of music came into being. The new Faith demanded a reform in music suited to its needs, and originated probably without any artistic intention; for that reason it became the more pregnant and profound in its effect. The culture of the first ten centuries after Christ was a church culture; the church was the public gathering place where people met and interchanged news and business, before and after service; it was the center of their daily life, the Latin of the Church was the most important language, and church music became the one and only art music.

The general characteristic of this music was, that, like Greek music, it moved in unison, and neither needed, nor was capable of, harmonization. It did not progress in measured time and rhythmic periods, but moved, to our way of thinking, in the manner of free recitation. The biblical psalms were first taken as texts since they were suited to antiphonal singing, and, later on, hymns inspired composition. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, about the year 390, first introduced systematic congregational singing, but it was Pope St. Gregory the Great, who lived two hundred years later, who gathered the entire treasure of ecclesiastical music into a magnificent liturgical system, legitimizing music as an independent and important part of worship by definite legislation.

Schools for singers had existed from about the fourth century in Rome, and new ones were constantly being added; to these schools fell the task of carrying through the whole domain of the Catholic Church the art of ritualistic singing prescribed by St. Gregory, so that the music used in the celebration of the Mass and all church rites was everywhere performed in the same manner.

It provided music with a universal form, which swept

on from south to north, finding new patronage and inspiration in the monasteries, the great centers of culture in the northern countries, where it was further cultivated, altered, and enriched. This great and far-reaching musical style was at first faithfully handed on from one generation to another, but in time, variation crept in, as it was taken up by the various nationalities. Differences in national temperament, in language, in climatic conditions, in disposition for singing and imaginative trend—all brought about changes in church music.

Household Hints

Keep pencil and paper in the radio cabinet drawer as well as beside the telephone, as there are often memoranda broadcast which you wish to take down, such as recipes, addresses of companies, etc.

A long-handled, shoe buttonhook is the best thing to use when a cork falls into a bottle.

Have several lamps around the room, so that members of the family need not crowd under one light when reading or sewing. Besides, it adds to the coziness of the room.

Anyone able to invest in a typewriter chair for the sewing room, will find it an asset in lessening fatigue; the square, padded leather, adjustable back fits in the small of the back and can be screwed forward or backward as far as liked.

Keep butter well covered in the ice box, as it absorbs the taste of strong foods.

A sponge and chamois simplifies window-washing too, working much faster than with cloths. A dry cloth may be used after chamoising, to give a high polish. Both sponge and chamois should be rinsed frequently, or glass will be streaky.

Do not leave colored garments on the line until entirely dry; take them off when half dry, roll up and put away ready for ironing. They will retain their color much longer than if left to dry entirely in the sun, and the ironing can be begun much sooner.

Recipes

FOR A CHILL AUTUMN MORNING: Line ramekins with hot or cold boiled rice about one-half inch thick shaping nicely. Drop one raw egg in each together with a tablespoon of cream, a little salt and pepper, minced green pepper, and a little minced ham. Mix around with a fork, place in oven and bake 10 minutes. Dust with paprika before serving.

FRENCH PANCAKES: Beat yolks of four eggs and add 1½ cups milk, a teaspoonful of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls melted butter and 1 tablespoon of wine or fruit juice. Sift in 1½ cups flour, beating steadily, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Fry and, when done, spread with jam or marmalade, roll, skewer with toothpick, dust with powdered sugar and serve.

QUICK SALAD DRESSING: 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk and 1 teaspoon sugar, stirred until smooth.

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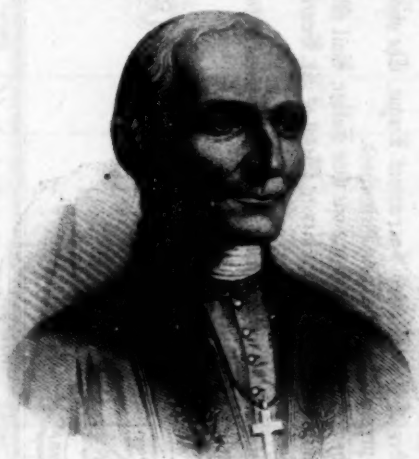
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Rt. Rev. Atterbury Abbott
Abbot & President
Rev. Archdeacon, 1883
Secretary

The harvest is great, but the laborers are few.

att. IX. 37.

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